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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Gratitude

"Do you give thanks for this?—or that?" No, God be thanked
I am not grateful
In that cold calculating way, with blessings ranked
As one, two, three, and four,—that would be hateful.

I only know that every day brings good above
My poor deserving;
I only feel that in the road of Life true Love
Is leading me along and never swerving.

Whatever gifts and mercies to my lot may fall,
I would not measure
As with a certain price in praise, or great or small;
But take and use them all with simple pleasure.

For when we gladly eat our daily bread we bless
The hand that feeds us;
And when we tread the road of Life in cheerfulness,
Our very heart-beats praise the Love that leads us.

—*Henry Van Dyke*

"Poems" Chas. Scribners' Sons

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXV THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1915. NUMBER 23

INSPIRATION

It was just a little dream
Fluttering by on golden wings,
But my spirit caught the gleam
And it sings!

H. C. B.

The Peace Maker, that has been the official organ of the Universal Peace Union, which was organized in 1866, has issued its last number, which is a memorial number for Alfred H. Love of Philadelphia, who was president of the Peace Union from 1866 to 1913, and who died on the 29th day of June, 1913. He gave his life to the cause of peace and died in his eighty-third year. This last number contains loving tributes from his associates in the battle line for peace.

According to the *Public* the farmers of Washington can be trusted for progressive views. In the face of much opposition by referendum vote they have endorsed proportional representation, commission government, conservation of national resources, and have placed themselves on record as favoring the adoption of a system of taxation whereby personal property and all improvements would be exempt from taxation and the burden be borne entirely by land values.

Mr. Bryan, through the *Commoner,* has carried out the suggestion of a southern congressman, that the question of the war attitude toward Germany or Mexico be submitted to a referendum vote of the people with the understanding "that those who voted for war would enlist first and those who voted against war would not be expected to enlist until after the others had been enrolled." Of the two hundred and three voters registered, they all voted against war; no one in favor it. If the war agitators were the first to enlist, and if those responsible for wars were marshalled on the firing lines, much of the belligerency in national and international politics would be abated.

The Nathaniel Colver Lectureship recently established by Mr. and Mrs. Jesse L. Rosenberger of the old University of Chicago, is named after a noted and beloved Baptist divine, who aided in the formation of the divinity school which is now known as the Divinity School of the university. The proceeds of this lectureship are to support lectures to be given from time to time "by persons of eminent scholarship or other special qualifications, on religious, Biblical, moral, sociological or vital subjects, and to be delivered preferably in or in connection with the divinity school.

We have before us some fascinating pictures of a Picnic Pageant held way out on Puget Sound by the public schools of Rosedale, Washington, under the direction of one of the faithful UNITY readers, Mrs. Anna Stanton Lay. Fifty young children in costume performed in the open air, carried the White Bordered Banner and sang the stanza thereto published in UNITY. A procession of smaller children marched by each bearing the flag of a different country, singing as they went:

"Mine eyes have seen the dawning
Of a bright and glorious day,
When the war god's reign of anguish
Shall fore'er have passed away;
When the Prince of Peace in beauty
O'er the nations shall hold sway,
For Truth the day must gain."

The peace we wait for and pray for is a long, long way off, but the distance can be shortened by beginning right now with the school children. For the voters who are to make the legislators who are to disarm our own and other nations are now in knickerbockers and short skirts. Let us all get busy on right lines and do the work that will tell farther on.

This child of humanity, this interpreter of literature from the standpoint of universal sympathy may have been long since offered as food for cannon and his bones may be enriching the soil which his mind would have so ennobled.

This little handbook offers a convenient guide to students in American literature. The present writer has found it to his hand in conducting his summer classes in poetry. But beyond this service of convenience it lies upon our table as an eloquent though silent messenger from beyond the battle lines, confessing the Brotherhood of Man as revealed through the universal language of literature.

"Say what you will, gentlemen," said the late lamented William T. Stead at the first Hague Conference, "the real peace congress is now in session at Antwerp, where the Esperantists are in session." You were right, dear Mr. Stead. Universal language as

expressed in literature is the world bond of union. Spelling may differ, pronunciation may seem strange, but the message of literature is universal and is understandable in all lands when forcefully spoken in any tongue.

Professor A. C. McLaughlin of the University of Chicago delivered an address on Memorial Day at which the university celebrated the Fifty Years After the War Anniversary. His subject was "The Meaning of the Civil War," in which he spoke of the quiet absorption of an army of a millon conquering men back into the great body of the nation. He said:

I often think of Sherman's army tramping along Pennsylvania Avenue after the war, fifty years ago last Monday—65,000 rugged men and sturdy boys, who had marched, a conquering host, through league after league of an enemy's country, who had swept everything before them and won victory after victory, who were toughened like rawhide whipcords by the daily march and nightly bivouac on the field; and who at a word, disbanded, some of them to go back to school and college, some of them to the shops and farms and countinghouses, all of them to be greeted in the tens of thousands of simple homes scattered here and there all over this northern country. Almost in a moment there was no army. No wonder that Goldwin Smith exclaimed, "Your magnanimous and wise disarmament (the most truly magnanimous and the wisest thing in history)!" Can we not say then that the greatest victory of the War was peace?

Professor Charles R. Mann of the University of Chicago has been given a leave of absence for one year that he may complete a job undertaken for the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.—The Classics Building was dedicated at the recent convocation, Dr. Paul Shorey, head of the department of Greek, delivering the address on "Our Ivy Tower."—The cornerstone ceremonies of the Ida Noyes Hall were also held in connection with the recent Commencement of the University of Chicago, Marion Talbot, dean of women, delivering the address, in which address, alluding to "The Annex" provision of Harvard College, she said:

The back-door stage of the education of woman has passed, and this great University which from the first has offered its advantages freely to women and recognize them jointly with men in every relation except on the Board of Trustees now publicly proclaims that its women enter by the front door.

The building is the gift of Mr. La Verne Noyes as a memorial to his wife, a woman much beloved in Chicago. Her magnetic presence is missed and her memory is revered. To those who knew her Dean Talbot's closing words seem peculiarly fitting:

And of Ida Noyes what shall I say? I counted her among my friends. I knew from personal experience of her kindly presence and thoughtful act. This building is a memorial to her. I speak not only for myself but for all the women of the University when I assure you, Mr. Noyes, and you, Mr. President, that this cornerstone means a mighty impulse toward the truly great things of life. Here self-discovery and self-control will lead to social co-operation and mutual understanding. The weak will learn from the strong and the strong will learn from the weak. Tolerance, sympathy, kindness, the generous word and the helpful act, all typical of the woman we commemorate, will be the contribution of the women who go forth from Ida Noyes Hall to take part in the upbuilding of the new civilization which is to come.

The American Unitarian Association at its last meeting appointed a commission of ten members to revise their tract list, eliminating those no longer serviceable, and to suggest to the Publication Committee suitable subjects for further treatment. We think it a significant sign of the times that four out of the ten members of this committee are women; one of them from the West, one from Cambridge, one from Boston and one from Worcester. Among the men appointed, one was from Georgia, another from Pennsylvania, one from North Carolina, one from Montana and one from West Virginia. This commission is to report in September. The result will be looked forward to with interest by those who are conversant with Unitarian literature and its growth.

We rejoice in the bugle call of John Haines Holmes sounded at the Free Religious Association meeting of May last and published in the *Christian Register* July 15th. The subject is "Resistance and Non-Resistance." We share his feeling when he says: "Nothing makes me so sick, as I look at the present situation, as to see the condition into which our organized peace movement has degenerated at the present moment."

Now, to my mind, just as long as we are opposed to war in general and in favor of war in particular the old wars are going to continue and the new kinds of war are going to be pushed farther and farther back. Civilization will go, and barbarism will permanently come. Therefore I plead with you that you join in this new war against the old war, the uncompromising allegiance to peace itself without condition, without qualification, without compromise, without exception—that peace which can alone bless mankind and bring in the kingdom of God upon the earth.

We commend the whole address to those who have their sneer at the "peace-at-any-price men." Are the great peace-makers of the world, with Buddha and Jesus at their head, to be disposed of by sneers? Is it not virtue at any price? Love at any price? Justice at any price? If to murder is to sin, if to hate is a crime, and if to commit the greatest injustice possible, the taking of innocent life for the sins of others, is atrocious, then to stand for peace at any price, even to the giving of non-resistant life is the crowning triumph of the spirit, is Gethsemane ethics, is Christly morals. They have but learned the "a-b, abs" of the peace gospel who simply want peace until life of the individual, or of notion if need be, is asked for in the interest of the higher life.

A Guide-Book Through American Literature

Something so complex, so full of by-paths and wide issues, with such extensive areas of new material unmapped, territories unsurveyed even, makes some kind of a guide book absolutely necessary to the novitiate and very helpful even to the expert. It does not matter much what the method of travel may be, but there should be method. It does not matter much which route is taken, but there should be a route. There are as many ways of studying literature as Kipling conceived ways of "constructing tribal lays," and "every one of them is right!" A little handbook on American literature from the press of Doubleday, Page & Co., by Leon Kellner, translated from the German by Julia Franklin, with a preface by Gustav Pollak, is a startling surprise. That this man, Jew-born, raised and nurtured in a far-off corner of Austria, for several years now a professor of the to us remote University of Czernowitz—wherever that may be—could come into such sympathetic touch and appreciative intimacy with the "Yankee" output is a very great surprise. With the easy touch of a native he marshals the American authors into line with scarcely a violation of the perspective that would give either pain or amusement to a native. Perhaps his Jewish birth and training, schooled to adversity and oppression, prepared him for an appreciation of the Puritan and enabled him to interpret the Puritanic view of life. But one of the most satisfactory of his chapters is entitled "The Humorists," and his appreciation of Mark Twain and Oliver Wendell Holmes is as keen as that of Whittier and Poe. Still more of a surprise is it to find how this German trained mind could enter into the "Tales of the Soul" and with unerring instinct quote from Uncle Remus and his tar-baby.

The translator did wisely perhaps in omitting the concluding portion of the book, which was an attempt to deal with the varying characteristics of the States, and some mention of the more obscure poets, particularly in as much as the author was beyond the reach of the translator's proof.

Oh, what pathos in this simple statement of the Editor, "The University of Czernowitz, in the Austrian crown land of Bukowina, where Doctor Kellner has filled the chair of English philology and literature since 1904, is closed, the town itself during the last few months having been alternately occupied by the Russians and Austrians. I have attempted to learn the whereabouts of Professor Kellner, but have so far been unsuccessful."

Who Was to Blame?

Another terrible calamity in the sunshine. A shipwreck at the wharf, a Titanic disaster in the Chicago River while the boat was still moored to the landing. Apparently more lives were lost than went down in the icy waters of mid-ocean when the Titanic sank from the blows of an iceberg. Maybe twelve hundred or more lives, largely women and children, clothed in holiday attire, bent on a day of rest and recreation, were borne into the dirty water of the Chicago River by a boat that capsized like an uncertain canoe. Of course the officers are under arrest. There is much talk of "radical investigation" and "prompt and drastic punishment."

But let us not be too harsh. Not the captain nor the inspectors, not the architects nor the pilots, but *we* the people, *we* the careless, impulsive, boisterous, hilarious public, *we* the crowd of pleasure seekers, so bent on pleasure that we have become willing victims to that other more malicious *"we"* that is bent on profit. WE who want sure returns are to blame. "The boat must earn a lot of money," not simply to pay the hands, to cover the coal bills and to secure a fair interest on money invested, but to gain big profit for the stockholders, to make money enough to pay big salaries for the manipulators not of the ship but of the corporation, to make big money for the investors whose only concern is profit! profit!! profit!!! Men who keep far away from danger, who would not trust themselves in that crowd but who want "profits"—greed! more greed!

The passion for wealth, the hunger for money, not to clothe the naked or to feed the hungry, but to embellish palaces, to upholster luxurious homes, to maintain costly habits and expensive establishments. These are responsible for the bereft homes, largely those of working men and women. These are responsible for the lives of those who threw away all prudence in the prospect of one golden day of cheap fun. It was the passion for a cheap outing on the part of working men and women of meager earnings that brought on that horrible catastrophe.

Courts should be lenient with the parties arrested. The public should hesitate to place the blame that rests upon all of us. Our sadness should be shot through with humility and our indignation be heaped not upon individuals but should take form in the heart of each one of us. For we are all guilty together. We all bargained for this calamity. We have all been sowing the wind, and the darkened homes in Chicago have harvested the whirlwind.

THE PULPIT

The Revolt Against War

Of Young Men Against an Old Man's Europe—of Women Who Know the Cost of Life—of Statesmen Who Are Beginning to Dread that Militarism Will Be Entrenched and Civil Rights Will Be Broken Down in Each Country If the Settlement of the War Comes Through Bloodshed Rather Than Negotiation.

An Address by

Jane Addams

Given at Carnegie Hall New York, Friday Night July 9, 1915.

It is difficult to formulate your experience when brought face to face with so much genuine emotion and high patriotism as Europe exhibits at the present moment. You become very much afraid of generalizing. The situation is so confused, so many wild and weird things are said about it, that you are afraid to add one word that is not founded upon absolutely first-hand impressions and careful experience; because, for the world, you would not add a bit to this already overwhelming confusion. And you do not come back,—at least I do not,—from these various warring countries with any desire to let loose any more emotion upon the world. You feel that what is needed above all else is some careful understanding,—some human touch, if you please, in this over-involved and over-talked-of situation in which so much of the world finds itself in dire confusion and bloodshed. You get afraid of tall talk; you do not know where words may lead the people to whom you are speaking. They seem to have acquired such a fearful significance and seem to have power over the very issues of life and death itself.

And so I should like, if I might, for a few moments, to tell as simply as I can, the experiences which we had at The Hague. Some have been much too kind to call me the leader of that movement, for I was not, in any sense of the word. It was convened and called together by a group of European women, and only after all the arrangements were made did we know about it in America, and consent to go. They were anxious to have a woman from a neutral country to serve as president, and it was safer to have the neutral country as far away as possible, and America was the furthest away. Therefore, I think, America was chosen.

The women who called the congress were sure that, although during this last year none of the great international congresses, in science and arts or the most abstract subjects, had dared to meet; they were quite sure that the women who had been meeting during many years, in such conventions as Dr. Shaw has described, that at least a few of them could come together and in all sobriety and in all friendliness discuss their common aims and the terrible stake which they all had together in this war. That faith, as you know, was well grounded, and for three days and a half with much less friction than is usual in the ordinary meetings of men or women, so far as I know them, the women met there at The Hague and formulated their series of resolutions. I will confess that the first day we were a little cautious. We skated, as it were, more or less on thin ice, because we did not know how far we dared venture in freedom of expression. One of the Dutch committee came to me and whispered almost in a stage whisper: I think you ought to know that the hall is full of police, not only those supplied by The Hague, but some of them supplied by the government itself because they fear trouble." We told them we should be happy to have the police there to listen to our deliberations, and to call upon them if needed! It seemed as if every one was nervous, and I will admit that there was an element of risk, if you please, in asking women to come; but they did come from twelve different countries, in the midst of the strain under which Europe is now laboring.

On the last day of that conference it was suggested that the resolutions be carried by committees to the various governments of Europe, and to the President of the United States. Some of us felt that the congress had ended very happily, that we had proceeded day by day in good will and understanding, and that it was perhaps unfortunate to venture further. But the resolution was passed, and two committees set forth. One committee to the north, consisting of a woman from the side of the Allies, and a woman from the side of the Germans, and also two women from the neutral nations, have visited the Scandinavian countries and Russia. We have had cables from them from time to time. They were received by the prime ministers and members of Parliament in all of the countries as well as by the ministers of foreign affairs. They have been reported in Italy and Holland, and will arrive in America, we hope, within a week or two. You cannot tell how long it may take to cross the ocean now because you may quite easily be held up in the English channel or some other crucial trade route for some ten or twelve days.

The other committee, consisting of the vice-president and president of the congress, women from the two neutral nations, from Holland and from America, set forth to visit the other countries.

We were received in each of the capitals, in London, in Berlin, in Budapest, in Rome, in Paris and in Havre, where the Belgian government is now established. We took in also Switzerland and Holland, although they are neutral, and Rome should be counted twice for we visited the Vatican; or nine visits in all. We were received in each case by the minister of foreign affairs, and by the chancellor or prime minister, and in all of the countries we saw members of Parliament and other men who are responsible for governmental policies.

It is too much to hope to reach the mind of everone in a huge audience like this, but I should like to reproduce in the minds of some of you some of the impressions made by this pilgrimage of ours, if you choose to call it so, going to and fro from one government to another, as we did to nine governments in the space of five weeks.

The first thing which was striking was this, that the same causes and reasons for the war were heard everywhere. Each warring nation solemnly assured you it is fighting under the impulse of self-defense. Each of the warring nations I assure you feels it is fighting to preserve its own traditions and its own ideals from those who would come in and disturb and destroy those high traditions and those ideals. And in one tongue or another, or translated into Eng-

lish, we heard the identical phrases. Going as rapidly as we did, from one country to another, I almost knew what to expect and what phrases were coming next, after a foreign minister had begun.

Another thing which we found very striking was that in practically all of the foreign offices, including those two foreign offices, one of which I suppose to be leading one side and one the other side of this conflict, the men said—again in very similar phrases,—that a nation at war cannot make negotiations and that a nation at war cannot even express willingness to receive negotiations, for if it does either, the enemy will at once construe it as a symptom of weakness; and when the terms are made the side which first suggested negotiations will suffer as being construed the side that was weaker and was suing for peace.

But they said, in all of these foreign offices, that if some other power presented propositions,—if neutral people, however they might be gotten together, people who would command the respect of the foreign offices to whom their propositions would be presented—if a small conference were willing to get together to study the situation seriously and to make propositions, one, two, three—even if they were turned down over and over again until something were found upon which negotiations might commence, *there is none of the warring nations that would not be glad to receive such service.* Now that came to us unequivocally.

We presented to each of the chancelleries our resolutions, but we talked for the most part about the possibility of substituting negotiations for military processes. Now, it is very easy for a minister to say: "This country will never receive negotiations; we are going to drive the enemy out inch by inch," but it is pretty hard for him to say it to one or two or three or four women who are sitting there and asking: "If a proposition were presented to you, which seemed to you feasible,—if something were presented to you which might mean the beginning of further negotiations between yourselves and your enemies, would you decline such a proposition? Would you feel justified to go on sacrificing the young men of your country in order to obtain through bloodshed what might be obtained through negotiations,—the very thing for which your foreign office was established?" No minister, of course, is willing to say that he would. No minister would be willing, of course, to commit himself for a moment to such a policy. That we found everywhere.

There was another thing which was impressed upon us all of the time, and in all of the countries which we visited. Although each is tremendously united at the present moment, although there is no break that can be seen or heard anywhere on the part of the people fighting together—that they wish the war to cease or that they are going to divide into parties, one party to oppose the other—while they are thus united in this tremendous national consciousness, there was manifested in every country two general lines of approach. One finds expression in the military party which believes that the matter can be settled only upon a military basis; the other, a civil party, which very much deprecates the exaltation of militarism, which says that the longer the war runs on, the more the military parties are being established as censors of the press and in all sorts of other places which they ordinarily do not occupy; that the longer the war goes on the more the military power is breaking down all of the safeguards of civil life and of civil government, and that consequently the harder will it be for civil life and for the rights of civil life to re-establish themselves over the rights and power of the military. The more desperately they cling to their army, the more absolute is the power and the glory of that army. The people who represent the civil view of life, in the midst of this patriotic fervor, in the midst of this devotion to the army, see that and long for some other form of settlement,—for some other form of approach to this terrible, confused situation,—long for it one month more than they did the month before.

As you go from one country to another, you can only say for yourself and say it to the citizens as you have opportunity, that if this war is ever to be settled through negotiations,—and sometime it must be, heaven knows when,—but sometime men must stop fighting and return to their normal existence—you say to these men: "Why not begin now before the military becomes even further entrenched? Why not begin now when you still have enough power to hold them to their own statements, to hold them to their own purposes, and not allow them to rule and control the absolute destinies of the nation?"

Now, I am quite aware that in every country we met, broadly speaking, the civil people and not the military people. I am quite aware that it was natural for us to see the pacifists, if you please,—although they are hardly known under that name;—that it was more natural for us to meet and know the people who were on that side of life, instead of the military side of life. But because we did meet dozens of them, I am willing to believe that there must be many more of the same type of mind in every country; quite as loyal as the military people, quite as eager for the growth and development of their own ideals and their own standard of living; but believing with all their hearts that the military message is a wrong message, which cannot in the end establish those things which are so dear to their hearts.

Now, that is something to work upon. When peace comes it must come through the people within those countries having some sort of claim to the same type of mind and the same type of people who are dwelling in other countries.

At present they have no means of communication. They say that under the censorship of the press one man cannot tell how many other men are feeling as he does or believing as he does. Although he is a comrade in mind, and may be living in the next street, or in the next town, he does not know how many there are. He cannot get them together. In our modern cities with their huge agglomeration of human beings, we communicate largely through the daily press. We cannot find our public opinion in any other way. Poor method as it seems, it is, after all, all that we have worked out as yet. And in the warring countries nothing goes into the press except those things which the military censors deem fit and proper.

So as we went about people would say to us, in regard to the press, if you see So and So, say a word about lessening the censorship. And we said, No, we can talk about but this one thing. We cannot carry messages from the citizens to their governments. But over and over again this request was made. And as

we got back to one country from another, they would say: "Are people talking like that there? That is just the way we are talking here." But they do not know each other from one country to another. And the individuals cannot find each other within the country itself.

In each of the warring nations there is this other point of similarity. Generally speaking, we heard everywhere that this war was an old man's war; that the young men who were dying, the young men who were doing the fighting, were not the men who wanted the war, and were not the men who believed in the war; that somewhere in church and state, somewhere in the high places of society, the elderly people, the middle-aged people, had established themselves and had convinced themselves that this was a righteous war, that this war must be fought out, and the young men must do the fighting.

Now, this is a terrible indictment, and I admit that I cannot substantiate it. I can only give it to you as an impression, but I should like to bring one or two details before you to back it up, so to speak.

I thought when I got up I shouldn't mention the word German or the word allies; but perhaps if I give an example from Germany and then an example from the allies, I will not get into trouble.

We met a young man in Switzerland. He had been in the trenches for three months, had been wounded and had been sent to Switzerland to be cured. He had developed tuberculosis and the physician among us thought he would scarcely live three months. But he thought he was being cured, and he was speaking his mind before he went back to the trenches. He was, I suppose, what one would call a fine young man, but not an exceptional young man. He had had a gymnasium education. He had been in business with his father, had traveled in South Africa; had traveled in France, England and Holland, in the line of business. He had come to know men as *mensch,* that *gute menschen* were to be found in every land. And now here he was, at twenty-eight, facing death because he was quite sure when he went back to the trenches that death awaited him. This is what he said: Never during that three months and a half had he once shot his gun in a way that could possibly hit another man. He said that nothing in the world could make him kill another man. He could be ordered into the trenches; he could be ordered to go through the motions, but the finl act was in his own hands and with his own conscience. And he said: "My brother is an officer." (He gave the name of his brother, gave his title; he wasn't concealing anything; he was quite too near death's door to have any shifting and concealing.) "He never shoots anything; he never shoots in a way that will kill. And I know dozens and dozens of young men who do not."

We had a list given to us by the woman at the head of a hospital in one German city of five young Germans who had been cured and were ready to be sent back to the trenches, when they committed suicide, not because they were afraid of being killed, but because they were afraid they might be put into a position where they would have to kill someone else.

We heard stories of that sort from France. We talked with nurses in hospitals; we talked with convalescent soldiers; we talked to the mothers of soldiers who had come back on furlough and had gone into the trenches; and in all of these countries we learned that there are surprising numbers of young men and old men who will not do any fatal shooting because they think that no one has the right to command them to do that thing.

In order to be quite fair and square, I shall next give my testimony from England. I quote a letter published in the *Cambridge Magazine* at Cambridge University and written by a young man who had gone to the front. I didn't visit Cambridge, but I did visit Oxford. The universities are almost depleted of young men. The great majority of them have gone into the war. This is what this young man wrote:

"The greatest trial that this war has brought is that it has released the old men from all restraining influences, and has let them loose upon the world. The city editors, the retired majors, the amazons [women are included, you see] and last, but I fear, not least, the venerable arch-deacons, have never been so free from contradiction. Just when the younger generation was beginning to take its share in the affairs of the world, and was hoping to counteract the Victorian influences of the older generation, this war has come to silence us,—permanently or temporarily as the case may be. Meanwhile the old men are having field days of their own. In our name, and for our sakes as they pathetically imagine, they are doing their very utmost, it would seem, to perpetuate, by their appeals to hate, intolerance and revenge, those very follies which have produced the present conflagration."

I am not going to tell of many things that were said because I think there have been, for the present, too many things said: but the mothers would say to us: "It was hard to see that boy go because he did not believe in war; he did not belong to a generation that believes in war."

One of the leading men of Europe, whose name you would instantly recognize if I felt at liberty to give it, said: "If this war could have been postponed for ten years—perhaps," he said, "I will be safe and say, twenty years,—war would have been impossible in Europe, because of the tremendous revolt against it in the schools and the universities."

I am quite sure when I say that, that it is a partial view. I am quite sure that there are thousands of young men in the trenches feeling that they are performing the highest possible duties. I am quite sure that the spirit of righteousness is in the hearts of most of them, at least of many of them; but that throughout there are to be found these other men who are doing violence to the highest teachings which they know.

It seemed to me at times as if the difference between the older generation and the new, is something we apprehended dimly in each country,—that the older men believed more in abstractions, shall I say; that when they talked of patriotism, when they used certain theological or nationalistic words, these meant more to them than they did to the young men; that the young men had come to take life much more from the point of view of experience; that they were much more—pragmatic (I suppose I could have said in Boston: I don't know how well it will go in New York)—that they had come to take life much more empirically; and when they went to the trenches and tested it out, they concluded that it did not pay, that it was not what they wanted to do with their lives.

I saw an old Quaker in England who said: "My sons are not fighting, they are sweeping mines." The Quakers are very clever in distinguishing between what they will or will not do. This Quaker explained to me that his sons allow themselves to sweep mines but they do not allow themselves to fire mines. They are doing this, that and the other thing. "It is strange to me," he said, "because they never went to Quaker meetings, but they are awfully keen now on being consistent." Now, there you are. I think it was the difference again between the older generation and the new. This again may be a superficial impression, but such as it is, we had it in every single country, one after the other.

Let me say just a word about the women in the various countries. The belief that a woman is against war simply and only because she is a woman and not a man, does not, of course, hold. In every country there are many, many women who believe that the war is inevitable and righteous, and that the highest possible service is being performed by their sons who go into the army; just as there are thousands of men believing that in every country; the majority of women and men doubtless believe that.

But the women do have a sort of pang about it. Let us take the case of an artist, an artist who is in an artillery corps, let us say, and is commanded to fire upon a wonderful thing, say St. Mark's at Venice, or the duomo at Florence, or any other great architectural and beautiful thing. I am sure he would have just a little more compunction than the man who had never given himself to creating beauty and did not know the cost of it. There is certainly that deterrent on the part of the women, who have nurtured these soldiers from the time they were little things, who brought them into the world and brought them up to the age of fighting, and now see them destroyed. That curious revolt comes out again and again, even in the women who are most patriotic and who say: "I have five sons and a son-in-law in the trenches. I wish I had more sons to give." Even those women, when they are taken off their guard, give a certain protest, a certain plaint against the whole situation which very few men I think are able to formulate.

Now, what is it that these women do in the hospitals? They nurse the men back to health and send them to the trenches, and the soldiers say to them: "You are so good to us when we are wounded, you do everything in the world to make life possible and to restore us; why do you not have a little pity for us when we are in the trenches? Why do you not put forth a little of this same effort and this same tenderness to see what might be done to pull us out of those miserable places?"

That testimony came to us, not from the nurse of one country, and not from the nurses who were taking care of the soldiers on one side, but from those who were taking care of them upon every side.

And it seems to make it quite clear that whether we are able to recognize it or not, there has grown up a generation in Europe, as there has doubtless grown up a generation in America, who have revolted against war. It is a god they know not of, that they are not willing to serve; because all of their sensibilities and their training upon which their highest ideals depend, revolt against the whole situation.

Now it seems to me this:—and bear in mind that the papers were much too kind when they said that I was going to advise the President. I never dreamed of advising him or of formulating plans. That last will have to be done when the others have returned—I should never venture alone to do anything of the sort. But this, it seems to me, broadly speaking, might be true, that a set of people could be gotten together who are international, out of their own experience. You know, of course, that the law is the least international thing we have! We have an international body of science; a man takes the knowledge of the science to which he is devoted, and deals with that knowledge, and he doesn't ask whether it was gathered together by Englishmen or Germans. We have an international postal system, a tremendous international commerce, and a tremendous international finance; internationalism in all sorts of fields. But the law lags behind, and perhaps will lag behind for a long time, quite as many of our most settled customs have never been embodied in law at all.

If men could be brought together who have had international experience, who have had it so long and so unconsciously that they have come to think not merely in internationalistic terms, but in the realities of the generation in which they have been doing the thing—whether business or labor or any other thing which has become so tremendously international—if they could be brought together, they could be asked to try to put the very best mind they have, not as representing one country or another country, but as representing human life and human experience as it has been lived during the last ten years in Europe.

They could be asked what it is that has brought about this situation. Does Servia need a seaport? Is that what is the matter with Servia? I won't mention any of the other warring countries because I might get into difficulties; but is this thing or that thing needed? What is it from the human standpoint, from the social standpoint? Is it necessary to feed the people of Europe—who are, as you know, so underfed in all of the southern portions of Europe—is it necessary, in order to feed them, to get the wheat out of Russia? Then in heaven's name, let us have warm water harbors in order to get that wheat out of Russia.

Let us not consider it from the point of view of the claims of Russia, or of the counterclaims of someone else; but consider it from the point of view of the needs of Europe. If men with that temper, and that experience, and that sort of understanding of life were to begin to make proposition to the various governments, men who would not placate the claims of one government and set them over against the claims of another government, but would look at the situation from a humane standpoint,—I am sure, at the least (from my knowledge of dozens of men in all of the countries who talked with me about the situation) that that sort of negotiation would be received. Now that does not seem an impossible thing.

Perhaps the most shocking impression left upon one's mind is this, that in the various countries the temper necessary for continuing the war is worked up and fed largely by the things which have occurred in the war itself. Germany has done this; the allies have done that; somebody tried to do this and somebody else tried to do that, and we foiled them by doing

that. Now, I submit that no, shall I say, plain mother who found two children fighting,—not for any cause which they stated, but because "he did that" and "I did this, and therefore he did that to me,"—that such a woman would say "this can't go on." It leads to nothing but continuous hatred and quarreling.

Let us say that there are two groups of boys in a boys' club, and I have much experience of that sort in boys' clubs to draw upon. If one says, "We did this because the other fellows did that," you will simply have to say, "I won't go into the rights and wrongs of this, but this thing must stop, because it leads nowhere and gets nowhere." And so with larger groups. We all know the strikes that have gone on for weeks, with the original cause quite lost sight of. I submit that something of the same sort is happening in Europe now.

They are going on because of the things which have been done in the war; but that certainly is a very curious cause for continuing the war. And what it needs, it seems to me, and to many of us, is a certain touch of human nature. The human nature in the trenches would heal them over; the kindly people in the various countries would not support the war longer, and the foreign offices themselves would resume their own business,—that of negotiation versus that of military affairs,—if human nature can be released instead of being kept at the boiling pitch as it is all the time by outrages here and there and somewhere else. I do not know how that is to be brought about, and I admit that this is a very simple analysis of a very serious and complex situation. But when you go about and see the same sort of sorrow everywhere, see the tremendous loss of life in these countries, when you find that you can't talk to a woman on any subject, however remote from the war, without finding at once that she is in the deepest perplexity,—that while she is carrying herself bravely and going on with her accustomed activities because she thinks thereby that she is serving her country, her heart is being torn all the time,—it is borne in upon you that at last human nature must revolt. The fanatical feeling which is so high in every country, and which is so fine in every country, cannot last. The wave will come down. The crest cannot be held indefinitely. Then men must see the horrible things which have happened; they will have to soberly count up the loss of life, and the debt they have settled upon themselves for years to come.

I could go on and tell many things that we saw. The Pope himself gave us an audience of half an hour. The men with religious responsibility feel keenly what has happened in Europe—that while the various countries see in the war a throwback of civilization, the church sees it as a throwback to religion—breeding animosities and tearing and rending the work of years. And yet we are all apparently powerless to do the one thing which might end it. I do not say end it. We did not talk peace as we went about. It would merely confuse the issue. (And, in truth, isn't it hideous that whole nations find the word peace intolerable?) We said: "Why not see what can be done to arrive at some form of coming together—to discover what might be done—in the place of the settlement which is now being fought out through military processes?" And that was as far as we were able to go with clearness and safety, and upon that platform we were met with the greatest—someone said courtesy—it was to my mind more than courtesy. It was received, as one Englishman expressed it, like a breath of fresh air, this coming in at last of someone to talk of something that was not of war. We went into the room of one of the prime ministers of Europe, a large, grizzled, formidable man. We told him our little story and he said nothing. I never have a great deal of self-confidence—I am never so dead sure I am doing the right thing, and I said to him:

"This perhaps seems to you very foolish, to have women going about in this way; but after all, the world itself is so strange in this new war situation that our mission may be no more strange or foolish than the rest."

He banged his first on the table. "Foolish?" he said, "Not at all. These are the first sensible words that have been uttered in this room for ten months."

He said: "That door opens from time to time, and people come in to say, 'Mr. Minister, we must have more men, we must have more ammunition, we must have more money. We cannot go on with this war without more of something else.' At last the door opens and two people walk in and say, 'Mr. Minister, why not settle by means of negotiations instead of fighting?' They are the sensible ones."

Other people, of course, said he was an old man, this prime minister, that he was without power. Yet he was an officer of the government in a high place, and that is what he said. I give it to you for what it is worth. And there are other testimonials of the same sort from all kinds of people in office and out of office; they are part of the peoples who are at war, and unable to speak for themselves.

There is one more thing I should like to say and I will close; and that is that one feels that the talk against militarism, and the belief that it can be crushed by a counter-militarism is, as has been uttered so many times, one of the greatest illusions which can possibly seize the human mind. England likes to talk and does talk sharply against what it calls militarism, but if they have conscription in England, then the militarism which they think they are fighting will, at least for the moment, have conquered Britain itself, which has always been so proud that it had a free army and not a conscripted army. And if all of the young men of France between certain ages come to their deaths in their effort to move people out of trenches from which they cannot be moved (because they are absolutely built in of concrete on both sides, and even military men say you cannot budge them without tremendous loss of life)—if these young men are convinced that France must arm as never before, that she must turn herself into a military camp, as they are fond of saying, then, of course, the militaristic idea has conquered France.

The old notion that you can drive a belief into a man at the point of a bayonet is in force once more. It is quite as foolish to think that if militarism is an idea and an ideal, it can be changed and crushed by counter-militarism or by a bayonet charge. And the young men in these various countries say of the bayonet charges: "That is what we cannot think of." We heard in all countries similar statements in regard to the necessity for the use of stimulants before men would engage in bayonet charges—that they have a

regular formula in Germany, that they give them rum in England and absinthe in France; that they all have to give them the "dope" before the bayonet charge is possible. Well, now, think of that.

No one knows who is responsible for the war; all the warring nations are responsible, and they indict themselves. But in the end human nature must reassert itself. The old elements of human understanding and human kindliness among them must come to the fore, and then it may well be that they will reproach the neutral nations and will say: "What was the matter with the rest of the world that you kept quiet while this horrible thing was happening, and our men for a moment had lost their senses in this fanaticism of national feeling all over Europe?" They may well say: "You were far enough away from it not to share in it, and yet you wavered until we lost the flower of the youth of all Europe."

That is what the women said in various tongues and according to their various temperaments at The Hague, and that is what enabled them to leave their countries when they were at war, believing as they did in the causes for which they were fighting. The women who came to the congress were women who were impelled by a genuine feeling for life itself.

Please do not think we are overestimating a very slight achievement or taking too seriously the kindness with which we were received abroad. We do wish to record ourselves as being quite sure that the peoples in these various countries were grateful for the effort, trifling as it was. The people say they do not want this war, they say that the governments are making this war. And the governments say they do not want this war. They say, "We will be grateful to anybody who would help us to stop the war." We did not reach the military, but we did talk to a few military men, some of whom said they were sick to death of the war, and I have no doubt there were many others who, if they spoke freely, would say the same thing.

"Without abandoning your causes, and without lowering, if you please, the real quality of your patriotism,"—the women's resolutions, which we carried, said to these various nations, and we said it to their representatives as long as they permitted us to talk—"Whatever it is you want, and whatever it is you feel you ought to have in honor, why in the world can't you submit your case to a tribunal of fair-minded men? If your case is as good as you are sure it is, certainly those men will find the righteousness which adheres within it."

And they all say that if the right medium can be found, the case will be submitted.

July 17, 1915. —*The Survey.*

THE LESSON OF THE TREES

Master, I learn this lesson from the trees:
Not to grow old. The maple by my door
Puts forth green leaves as cheerily as I,
When I was taller than this selfsame tree,
Put forth my youthful longings. I have erred,
Standing a bleak and barren leafless thing
Among my hopeful brothers. I am shamed.
I will not be less hopeful than the trees;
I will not cease to labor and aspire;
I will not pause in patient high endeavor:
I will be young in heart until I die.

Lippincott's Magazine. —*Richard Kirk.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXIV.
The Women of the New Testament

Mrs. Irwin S. Rosenfels, Leader

In the Pauline letters we find the names of fourteen women standing side by side with those of the men; Paul's right-hand helpers; all of them keen, earnest and spiritual women. Canon Farrar says that the part the women played in the dissemination of the Gospel can hardly be over estimated.

Among the fourteen are Eunice and Lois, mother and grandmother of Timothy, "Jewesses who believed;" Euodia and Syntyche of the Church at Philippi; Prisca the wife of Aquila; many deaconesses—Phoebe at Cenchrea, Tryphaena and Tryphosa, Mary and Persis, all of them "laborers in the Lord" and active in the several churches. Lydia, a pagan woman of Thyatira, met Paul at Philippi, was quick to sense his message and became his first convert in Europe. She, her children and slaves were baptized by Paul. "If you have judged me to be faithful to the Lord," she said, "come to my house and stay there." It was contrary to Paul's principles to accept hospitality, but Lydia would not be refused. A woman of wealth, she helped the church at Philippi while she ministered to Paul.

That the feminine element predominated in these little congregations is seen by the various and minute regulations as to the conduct of women. Women were not to preach or teach. Even here woman must be subordinate to man. The holder of power will not easily yield it. Fear of the development of the yellow man, the black man, fear of woman's rights, are all of the same spirit as the rulings of the early Christian church. Paul's reasoning in regard to woman covering her head in church is an interesting example of the illogical arguments for woman's inferiority to man. (I Cor., ii:3-15.)

The women of the gospels have meant much in the history of the great Christian Church. They have figured largely in the art of the middle ages and in the general literature of the world. If we let our imaginations play, we can think of Mary, a peasant girl of Galilee, typical in her Jewish beauty. We can imagine her going the rounds of her daily life in Nazareth, much as women did centuries before her time and as they have done centuries since. She drew her water at the town well, exchanged her bit of gossip with her companions, walked slowly home with her precious water in the cool of the evening, prepared her evening meal and went through her nightly devotion. She probably gave much time to her religion. Her piety was deep and genuine, conservative to a degree. Owing to her simple life it may be supposed that she was cut off from the evil aspects of Pharisaism. She knew the Law and the Prophets and she may have thought, as many Jewish women did, that it might be given her to bear the Messiah.

Between the lines of Luke Mary appears as a tender, thoughtful mother, with love deep enough to endure the greatest anguish, a meek, devout servant of the Lord, well acquainted with the poetic past and deeply moved with the highest hopes for her nation. But it is to the church we must turn for the glorification and legendary growth surrounding this simple peasant figure. The church made her the perfect type of womanhood and Christian art has had its inspirations at this religious fount. She is the Mater Dolorosa, the Mother of Blessed Sorrow. John says she was present at the crucifixion, and in that event she saw the agony of the Man of Sorrows,—her son. Tradition says that she lived with John in Jerusalem until her death. If we limit our thought to proved history according to the Encyclopedia Biblica we must set aside any traits of character however beautiful that are discovered in passages ascertained to be legendary.

In reading the incident told in Mark in which Jesus is charged with being possessed of an evil spirit and he was told his mother and brothers stood outside, we realize that at a time when many had come to recognize the greatness of her son's mission, Mary still failed to understand it. We see that this grieved Jesus. Yet in many ways Mary did understand and appreciate him. We must believe that from some source outside of himself Jesus derived alike that holy severity and that joyousness of a deep faith in God which in the end made him great.

The charm of the character of Elizabeth, whose name means motherhood and humility, lies in the fact that while she was called to be the mother of the foremost man of her day, she was willing and glad to have him take second place when compared with the son of Mary. It is difficult for a man to be humble on his own account, but it is more difficult for a woman to be humble where her child is concerned. This stately, dignified and beautiful woman, daughter of the noblest family in Israel,—in the line of Aaron, was married to a member of the Jewish nobility. But the home of Elizabeth and Zechariah lacked the joy of a child in merry laughter. Although resigned to the will of God, Elizabeth was desolate in her approaching old age. But at length the delayed blessing was to come. Mary visited her kinswoman and confided to her her great secret, and the beautiful character of Elizabeth is seen in the way she received the news. She welcomes her guest with a cry of joy and calls aloud "Blessed art thou among women." We know nothing of Elizabeth in her later years. She may have been in the crowd when the famous baptism took place in the Jordan. Again, she may have heard in her quiet home of the banquet of Herod and its terrible sequel. She, too, may have suffered much, another Mater Dolorosa added to the New Testament galaxy of women. It is not always a happy fate to be the mother of a great man.

It is almost impossible for us to realize the life spent by Hannah, the devout prophetess, who never left the Temple Courts, fasting, praying and worshipping God night and day, living sixty-three years in this way. At times all round her was bloodshed, terrible civil war bringing a flood of misery in the land. Roman legions camped on the hills around Jerusalem, and Pompey, their general, actually profaned the Holy of Holies in the Temple where she was. Herod came to the throne when she had spent half a lifetime in the Temple and when his wicked reign was at an end she was still there. She prayed for her lost tribe, for her people, for her Messiah. She was a prophetess and her prayers had opened her eyes to many things. When the holy babe was brought into the Temple she knew him and began to proclaim the good news to those who were looking for "the redemption of Jerusalem."

In the story of the Woman of Samaria we have spiritual truth typified by the physical. It was the sultry noon of a Syrian day. The descent from the hillside into the valley was like entering an oven. His friends had left Jesus seated on the stone slab next to the well bearing the famous name of the patriarch Jacob, while they crossed the valley to the town of Sychar to buy food. He was thristy and watched for a chance of some one coming to draw water that he might ask for some. It was not a likely chance at the noon hour and it was a little surprising to see the woman approaching with her pitcher. She also was surprised at being addressed by this man whose dress showed him to be a Jew. "How is it," replied the Samaritan woman, "that you who are a Jew ask for water from a Samaritan woman like me?" This poor outcast Samaritan, impressed with the marvel of his knowledge of her, was the means of bringing the people of her town to Jesus. She was a successful evangelist.

We meet with the interesting family of the household of Bethany on three occasions in the gospel history. The assumption is that Mary and Martha of Luke are the same sisters whom John brings before us in the raising of Lazarus. We are all familiar with the Martha and Mary problem, and perhaps our sympathy is with Martha, even though we know that Mary had "chosen the better part." At any rate we may settle the matter to suit ourselves individually.

The church has made much of Mary of Magdala though the references to her are most meager. She, like Mary the Madonna, has been the inspiration of much art. Traditionally she is treated as the typical penitent, weeping for her sin, but the Biblica says that while the penitent Magdala is well in art she has no place in history.

The freedom enjoyed by Jewish women is strikingly in contrast with the treatment accorded women by the other Orientals. This is shown both in the Old and New Testaments. Women frequently come before us in domestic scenes preparing the meals for the household, but there is no instance of their sitting at table with men. Women were able to travel in the company of disciples without attracting undue attention. There were no women disciples nor were any books of the New Testament written by women. But there is an advance registered in the position of woman, not so much in the actual position as in the new spirit which Christianity introduces into society. Jesus's direct treatment of the women who came across his path is a wonderful step forward. There were women and children among the multitudes that Jesus fed in the wilderness. Women were among those he cured, and their financial contributions, even the widow's mite, helped to carry on his work.

Paul's lines give the spirit of it. All distinctions between Jew and Greek, slave and freeman, male and female, have vanished; for in union with Christ Jesus

you are all one. The spirit of the New Testament would encourage woman to forge ahead, to take front rank in all walks of life, but best of all she would be taught to use what she has acquired in social service. This is the great lesson of these characters who ministered so faithfully to Paul in his travels and to Jesus in Galilee at the beginning of the Christian era.

"It is for service we are here,
Not for a throne."

(1) How many women helpers are mentioned in Paul's epistles?
(2) What may we imagine of the early life of Mary?
(3) What was the position of women in the world in Jesus' time?

The Beautiful and the Moral

That the moral is beautiful is generally recognized, but is it not equally true that the beautiful is moral?

It is the beautiful in the mental and material worlds which, more than any other influence, educates us in delicacy and alertness of body and of spirit. It is the beautiful as well as the intellectual and the affectional which transforms our crude lusts into loyal servitors of the soul, and gives to our stolid animal nature, mobilization, grace, and initiative.

It was Aristotle who first formulated the idea that Beauty is "the end set before herself by Nature." But he must have seen how the beautiful flowers out into the good, and it is just as true to say that Morality is a goal toward which humanity is moving. And is it not indisputable that more and more as our knowledge of the meaning of manhood expands, we demand that all men, and especially our teachers, our great and religious men, shall be in all things brave, honest and generous—that they shall be in their own lives, *moral?*

They may be men of intense emotion, like á Kempis, Wesley, Martineau, or Richard Jeffries; or men seemingly unconscious of the religious passion, like Franklin, Howard, Huxley or Francis Place, but there *must* shine in them—as the rich green of the grass shines through the vesture of gold woven by the dandelions—that indomitable quality, that reverence for truth and justice which we call the moral.

But what is Morality, to be more explicit? Morality, I would say in common terms, is the blending of intelligence, purpose, courage, honesty, sympathy, grace, in the personality and life of the individual man or woman.

So I maintain that the recognition and the love of the beautiful in nature, in art, in life, has been (and will be more and more) a mighty force lifting the struggling man to the elevation of this morality, as we see in the spring the "seed-leaves push aside the clod and come by degrees to the perfumed flower." We shall find that not only is beauty a great restorative of the sorrows and fears which lacerate the soul, and an illumination in the dark paths of existence, but also a religious activity and inspiration.

Michael Angelo recognizes this truth and makes beauty the teacher of religion, as shown in the following suggestive and noble lines:

"So all the lovely things we find on earth,
Resemble, for the soul that rightly sees,
That source of bliss divine which gave us birth."

A beautiful sermon (not always preached by a distinguished minister), a beautiful poem, story, picture, drama, melody, and indeed any useful work beautifully done, which shows what Bernard Shaw calls "the appetite for perfection," will always be a teacher of the moral. That is to say, this work of art, this miracle of color, grace or melody, this work in which the common workman takes artistic delight, which contains that something inexpressible, the immortal quality which we call beauty, will always commend the intellect, and touch the heart; will make its appeal to the aspirations and feed the inextinguishable hunger of our higher nature.

I believe that the achievement of beauty or perfection (that is, of course, a relative perfection) in any province, in science, in art, in government, in mechanics, in agriculture, as in religion does always represent some inward struggle, some spiritual or moral victory.

So may we not gladly believe that the elevation in moral purpose attained by the conscientious worker, preacher, writer, painter, builder or musician, will become the morality of mankind? These men and women who witness the "Supreme Vision," who come into the realm of the eternal Beauty, will open many doors for us into the Palace of the Invisible. They will lead the young forward toward the new truth, the new goodness, and they will teach those of maturer years how they may keep from growing aged and agnostic, ugly and useless.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE MAKING OF BIRDS.

God made Him birds in a pleasant humor;
Tired of planets and suns was He.
He said: "I will add a glory to summer,
Gifts for my creatures banished from Me!"

He had a thought and it set Him smiling
Of the shape of a bird and its glancing head,
Its dainty air and its grace beguiling:
"I will make feathers," the Lord God said.

He made the robin, He made the swallow,
His deft hands molding the shape to His mood,
The thrush and the lark and the finch to follow,
And laughed to see that his work was good.

He who has given men gift of laughter,
Made in His image, He fashioned fit
The blink of the owl and the stork thereafter,
The little wren and the long-tailed tit.

He spent in the making His wit and fancies,
The wing-feathers He fashioned them strong,
Deft and dear as daisies and pansies,
He crowned His work with the gift of song.

"Dearlings," He said, "make songs for My praises!"
He tossed them loose to the sun and wind,
Airily sweet as pansies and daisies;
He taught them to build a nest to their mind.

The dear Lord God, of His glories weary—
Christ our Lord had the heart of a boy—
Made Him birds in a moment merry,
Bade them soar and sing for his joy.

—*Katharine Tynan.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER.—II

The session of the Tower Hill Summer School opened on Sunday, July 18th. Services were held in the afternoon in Emerson Pavilion. Mr. Jones' sermon, "The Rediscovery of Jesus," served as an introduction to the classes on the New Testament, which compose the fifth year's work in a seven-year course on "The History and Practice of Religion." On Sunday evening we had our usual vesper service and sang for the first time at Tower Hill Miss Lathbury's evening hymn, "Day is Dying in the West." Mr. Jones then gave us a short sketch of the writer's life and read us some of her less well known poems.

On Monday the regular classes began with a general talk on the New Testament and a comparison of the boys, John, Jesus and Paul. The rest of the week's work has been Paul's earlier life, his subsequent wanderings and his letters to the Galatians, Thessalonians and Corinthians.

The nature study devotees, under Miss Howe's guidance, are taking up the study of flowers, birds, trees and ferns. They show their enthusiasm by venturing into the most marshy spots with the fear upon them of meeting snakes of unheard of size and venom. So far, however, only grass snakes, blue racers and bull snakes have been reported, and as we are informed that all three species are friendly to the farmer we are endeavoring to look upon them with more kindly glances.

At the poetry readings on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Mr. Jones has promised to divide his time between the modern poets we should know and Browning, Whitman and Emerson, who have long been Tower Till favorites.

During the past week we have been rejoicing in a very splendid moon. A number of the party took advantage of this for an evening tramp to Sugar Loaf and a marshmallow roast on the top of the hill. On a less fine night we built a fire in the pavilion and toasted more marshmallows. Miss Stearns was with us and taught us a song (with more or less success), of her own composition. Toward the end we were quite pleased with our efforts, but Miss Stearns still bemoans the extraordinary lack of feeling in our voices.

E. A. C.

WHEN TEACHER FAILS

(From papers submitted by applicants for teachers' licenses in Tennessee.)

"New York is situated at the mouth of the Amazon River."

"The amount of rainfall required for general agriculture is sixteen feet."

"The most general direction of the Alps is straight up."

"That the earth is round was discovered by John on 'the Isle of Patmos.'"

"Asheville is well noted on account of being a submarine fort."

"Gibraltar is a ledge of rocks and are generally used by insurance companies, corporations, and others in denoting their strength safety."

"Corpse is a noun in the passive case because it denotes passion."

"The closing of a letter is the manner in which you excuse yourself."

"A copulative verb is one which couples; example: A frog's head is fastened to its body."

"The first part about a business letter is its subject and predicate."

"The parts of a business letter are: 1, date; 2, interduction; 3, body; 4, signature; 5, postscript and place for other sentences."

What influences led to Taft's election in 1908? "Taft was vice-president, and when Roosevelt died Taft was made president."

"Pilgrims means people that run about."

"In 1620 the Pilgrims crossed the ocean, and this was known as pilgrim's progress."

"The Mexican War was caused by the turning over of the spirit."

"The reason Taft was not elected in 1912 was that the Republican party separated him."

"The chief events between 1765 and 1777 leading to the American Revolution was the Alien and Sedition Laws, and the seceding of the States from the Union."

"The sinking of the battle-ship Maine was the cause of the Mexican War."

"McBeth was a romance of noble people. Lady McBeth was of common or undertone. Thus great sadness arose and all interest died."

—*New York Tribune.*

CAN YOU PASS THE TEST?

Since school is over for the children, why not open one for grown-ups? All winter grown-ups have plagued the youngsters with searching queries concerning the realm of grown-up knowledge. Turn-about is fair play; let the children quiz their elders upon the facts of childhood's realm. Take history, for example. You grown-ups have insisted that the victims of your tyranny be able to tell you who discovered America, and when. Very good; suppose one of the hopefuls turns inquisitor in his turn, and desires you to tell him the history of the house that Monsieur Jacques constructed, in detail, with commentaries of the relative significance of the successive events. Could you pass the test? In the course of an efficiency drill among the assistants of the Chicago Public Library there was submitted a specimen paper of such questions on childhood lore, to test older memories. We submit it as it was reprinted by *The Evening Post.* If you cannot pass the examination, let it be a warning! See that you apply as soon as possible to some well-instructed child, for daily tutoring in that most fascinating study —Mother Goose. If you apply yourself diligently you may yet escape the disgrace of being put back in the awkward squad of the Hopelessly Grown-Up. Attention, then:

1. For what person or persons was the wool of the black sheep destined?

2. Describe maneuvers of the French Army as recorded by M. Goose and give number of men in the French Army.

3. Give short biographical sketch of Solomon Grundy, and mention seven important events in his life.

4. Who killed Cock Robin?

5. Discuss the social significance of the botanical arrangement in Quite Contrary Mary's garden.

6. Describe the coöperative system of domestic economy in Jack Spratt's household.

7. Describe briefly the astral phenomena which led to the elopement of two useful kitchen utensils.

8. How many court musicians were maintained at the court of Old King Cole?

9. Name and describe article on which Miss Muffet sat.

10. Who stole the Queen of Heart's pastry?

For special subject, write not fewer than two hundred words on one of the following topics:

1. Compare Schopenhauer on the

"Vanity of Existence" with the Old Woman who lived under the hill.

2. Give a mathematical survey of the Ten-o'clock-scholar's attendance.

For those who have lately "crammed" on these subjects and find the test not difficult in the least, the following more comprehensive examination may be recommended, contributed by "The Librarian" of the Boston *Transcript*:

1. What was the net result of the efforts of the royal forces (both infantry and cavalry) to restore Humpty-Dumpty to his former estate? Do you see in this any lessons as to the failure of a militaristic system?

2. Describe the coöperative expedition of Jack and Jill and the ensuing catastrophe. From the point of view of emancipated womanhood, ought Jill to have preceded Jack down the hill?

3. Explain by a diagram the encounter of the Lion and the Unicorn. Do you see in this any prophecy as to the outcome of the war in Europe? Does the Unicorn typify Germany?

4. In view of the reflections upon the condition of highways in Gloucester, contained in the account of the visit of Dr. Foster to that city, should the rime be forbidden in the public schools as detrimental to commercial interests and contrary to the loyal spirit of "Don't knock; boost!"?

—*Literary Digest.*

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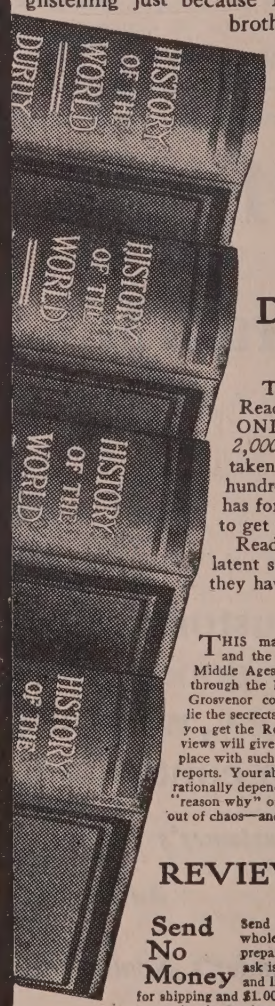

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